

Operation: Get Taehyung a Boyfriend

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taekook, Romance, Fluff, Alternate Universe - High School, Mutual Pining, Happy Ending, side yoonmin, honestly pretty much main yoonmin because im yoonmin trash, sue me, namjoon and hoseok are mentioned only a couple times, jin isn't in it again cause im horrible and didn't know how to fit him in, Kim Taehyung | V & Park Jimin are Best Friends, Taehyung is a cockblock, poor yoonmin, jimin and yoongi have had enough, Jungkook is a cute bunny, he's also a little shit according to jimin, Bad boy min yoongi, Jungkook loves girl group dances, yoongi is so soft for jimin, jimin is a meddling little shit, Math Nerd Park Jimin, he literally does anything he wants, yoongi's just along for the ride, How Do I Tag

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Operation: Get Taehyung a Boyfriend

by [springrain21](#)

Summary

Jimin and Yoongi are finally dating and everything would be perfect if Taehyung would stop freaking cockblocking them. Every time Jimin and Yoongi seem to have a moment to themselves, an unintentionally oblivious Taehyung somehow ruins the moment. So Jimin devises the perfect plan; to get Taehyung a boyfriend so he'll leave the two of them alone. Enter Jeon Jungkook, a shy boy who has no friends and is Taehyung's secret crush and Jimin's new target.

Part two of [Math Tutor](#) and takes place immediately after the end of it.

Notes

NOTICE: I do not allow translations of any of my works.

This is part two of [Math Tutor](#) and might make more sense of you read that first. This was supposed to be about Taekook but it ended up being more about Yoonmin cause I'm Yoonmin trash and apparently don't know how to write anything else. It shows how the Yoonmin relationship progresses and switches between Jimin's, Yoongi's, Taehyung's, and Jungkook's POVs. Takes place immediately after the end of Math Tutor.

Chapter 1

Taehyung is fiddling with his locker because why the *fuck* can he never remember his combination, when the chatter of his fellow students in the hall dies down suddenly. He doesn't think much of it until everyone begins whispering loudly to each other, which has him looking up curiously to see what's going on. Taehyung's eyes widen when he sees what has everyone so shocked;

Walking down the hallway towards him is his best friend, Park Jimin, hand-in-hand with none other than the infamous Min Yoongi, the school's terrifying bad boy. A wide smile is splitting his friend's face as he swings their hands between them, head held high and eyes bright behind his black-framed glasses. Yoongi, on the other hand, looks down at the ground as Jimin pulls him along, his cheeks tinged pink as everyone whispers and points at the two of them, and holy shit is Min Yoongi acting *shy*?

When Jimin spots Taehyung, he grins even wider and waves excitedly at him before tugging Yoongi more insistently down the hall, and Taehyung just gapes as a smile pulls at Yoongi's lips when he allows Jimin to pull him along.

"Tae!" Jimin chirps as they reach him, and Taehyung doesn't realize his mouth is hanging open until Jimin taps his friend's chin with a little giggle and says, "You look like a goldfish," causing Taehyung to promptly snap his mouth shut.

He stares between Jimin and Yoongi, his mind struggling to figure out what's going on, his eyes widening when Yoongi glances at Jimin out of the corner of his eye, and the look on his face is so *soft* and *gentle* that Taehyung has to stop his mouth from dropping open again.

What the actual hell?

He's waiting for Jimin to say something, to explain what the hell is going on, but the redhead seems content to swing his and Yoongi's linked hands together, blinking up at the blonde happily. "Um," Taehyung finally croaks, wincing at the way his voice cracks a little. "Say, um...Chim Chim, you want to, you know...explain what's going on?"

"Oh," Jimin's eyebrows rise as if he'd forgotten he was even standing in front of Taehyung before letting out a cheeky giggle. "Yoongi

hyung and I are dating.”

For a moment, the gears in Taehyung’s head come screeching to a stop while he blinks rapidly at Jimin, waiting for him the laugh and say, ‘just kidding!’ but when he only continues smiling at Taehyung serenely and swinging Yoongi’s hand, his mouth drops open again.

What in the holy flipping *fuck*?

“What?!” He practically yells, causing Jimin and Yoongi— whose cheeks are now a startling shade of pink— to wince. “Hold on, hold on,” he chokes, holding out a hand to cease Jimin when he starts to speak. He feels a little dizzy, and has to lean against his (still locked *goddammit*) locker to catch his bearings, placing the back of his hand to his forehead weakly. He stares at Jimin again, his mouth opening and closing a few times while he struggles to comprehend what the hell is going on, throat going dry at the concerned look Jimin gives him.

“Tae?” Jimin asks tentatively, effectively snapping Taehyung out of his trance.

“Y-you’re joking, right?” He finally pushes out of his dry mouth thickly. When Jimin frowns at Taehyung and looks at Yoongi, Yoongi looks back at him, and the look that crosses each of their faces sends Taehyung into another tailspin.

Why does Jimin look so *sappy*? And why does Yoongi look Jimin put the stars in the sky?

“Um, no?” Jimin finally says, looking back at his best friend, his answer sounding more like a question than a statement. Taehyung feels faint and has to lean more heavily against his locker while taking deep, steadying breaths. He shakily points between Jimin and Yoongi, still not wanting to believe his friend.

“You,” he mutters, pointing at Jimin, “And *you*?” His voice comes out a little colder as he stabs his finger at Yoongi’s chest. Yoongi’s eyes narrow at him, and Taehyung feels a little tremor of fear shoot through him.

Is Jimin serious? Yoongi is dangerous, he’s a *thug*, and Jimin is... *dating him*? Sweet, innocent Park Jimin, who didn’t know how babies were made until he was eleven, is dating the scariest, most morally corrupt guy in school? The guy who once got arrested for vandalizing the school gym by spray painting dicks all over the walls? The guy

who once broke some kid's nose because he was mouthing off to Yoongi? The guy who disrespects teachers and skips out on his classes? Oh, oh no. This isn't good. Taehyung feels a headache begin to throb in his temples.

"Tae?" Jimin asks tentatively, concerned at the way Taehyung is dazedly clutching his head and trying to take deep, calming breathes.

"Jimin, are you being serious right now?" He finally asks, fixing Jimin with The Look that has the redhead shifting uncomfortably.

"Tae, it's not that big of a deal," he says nervously, and Taehyung crosses his arms and quirks a condescending brow at him.

"We're talking about the guy who got into a fist fight because the other dude shoved him in the hallway," the brunette replies, waving vaguely at Yoongi, who at least has the decency to look a little ashamed. "He broke the guy's wrist!"

This time Yoongi levels a dangerous look at Taehyung, taking a half a step forward as if to break his wrist and making the brunette gulp nervously, but Jimin gently tugs back on Yoongi's hand. The blonde instantly stops and looks at Jimin, and the hard expression on his face immediately softens at the way Jimin blinks at him with wide eyes. He nods almost minutely, a feather soft smile ghosting across his lips as he steps back next to Jimin and squeezes his hand tighter.

Taehyung stares in awe at the exchange, his mouth once again popping open. If he didn't know any better, he'd think Yoongi was *whipped* for Jimin. But there's no way, right? Min Yoongi, whipped? Hah. No way.

He has to lick his dry lips before he's able to speak again. "Listen, hyung, I really don't think—"

He's interrupted by Jimin raising a hand to halt his words. "Taehyung, I really like Yoongi and right now I just really need the support of my best friend, okay?" His voice is firm and steady, and Taehyung gapes at him, shocked speechless by the usually timid, soft spoken Jimin speaking with so much firm authority. Yoongi, on the other hand, ducks his head at Jimin's words, but Taehyung still sees the way he turns pink, from his cheeks to the bridge of his nose to the tips of his ears. The smile that splits his lips lights up his face and practically causes his eyes to disappear, and that's when Taehyung realizes;

Holy hell on wheels, bad boy Min Yoongi is totally whipped for the little math nerd, Park Jimin.

Well, *shit*.

Taehyung is stunned, both by Jimin's boldness and this new revelation, and although he's in shock, he loves Jimin more than anything in the world. The older boy is like a brother to him, his best friend in the world, he'd even go as far as saying Jimin is his platonic soulmate, and he would do anything to make him happy. If that meant supporting the strangest relationship ever to set sail, he would. Maybe. Possibly. He'll see.

Taking a deep breath, he looks between Jimin and Yoongi a few more times before letting out a loud sigh. "Okay, Chiminie," he finally concedes, and the absolutely *brilliant* smile that lights up Jimin's face fills his chest with warmth. Jimin is about to say something else, but Taehyung turns to Yoongi and narrows his eyes at him. "If you hurt my Chim Chim, I swear to god I'm going to rip off your arms and shove them down your throat."

"*Kim Taehyung!*" Jimin gasps in horror, and Taehyung's eyes widen with the realization of what he just said. Oh, he's really dead now.

He's fully prepared for Yoongi to surge forward and slam him into the lockers to promptly rearrange his face with his fist, because *nobody* talks to Min Yoongi that way. He quivers slightly at the strangely emotionless look Yoongi is giving him. *It was nice knowing you, world*, he thinks to himself miserably. To say he is shocked speechless by what Yoongi does next would be an understatement;

The blonde boy glances at Jimin beside him and cocks his head slightly, his thumb brushing across the younger's knuckles. "That's fair." He says quietly—so quietly the brunette almost misses it—not even looking at Taehyung as he gazes into Jimin's eyes, and for the hundredth time in the last few minutes, Taehyung's mouth falls open.

Holy fucking shit.

Min Yoongi is so, so whipped.

“So...” Taehyung begins, glancing at Jimin out of the corner of his eye as they lounge on Taehyung’s bed later that day after school.

“Hmm?” Jimin doesn’t even look up from his phone, and Taehyung purses his lips.

“Are we gonna talk about this?” He continues, nudging Jimin with his foot until the redhead sighs in annoyance and looks up from his phone.

“There’s not much to talk about,” his best friend replies, shoving Taehyung’s foot away roughly.

“What do you mean there’s nothing to talk about!” He exclaims loudly, shooting up from where he was leaning against his headboard to grab Jimin by the shoulders and shake him vigorously. “Talk!”

“Yah!” Jimin complains, trying to shove the younger away. “Get off, you psycho!”

“Then talk!” Taehyung counters him quickly, though he does release his shoulders.

“Aishhh, so annoying,” Jimin mutters as he wiggles further away from his best friend and glares broodingly at him. He finally sighs in defeat when Taehyung crosses his arms and gives him The Look again. “Fine. What do you want to know?”

“When did this happen? How long has it been going on? When did you realize you liked him? Why do you like him? Whe—”

“Yah, yah, slow down!” Jimin claps his hand over Taehyung’s mouth to stop the rapid flow of questions. “I can barely understand you!”

Taehyung flicks out his tongue to lick across Jimin’s palm, who screams shrilly and snatches his hand back, pinning his friend with the most disgusted look he’s ever seen. “You little shit,” Jimin snaps, shivering in horror before wiping his wet palm on Taehyung’s jeans, who only flashes his signature box grin.

“Alright, we’ll start with the first question,” he begins, giggling when Jimin crosses his arms and huffs in irritation. “When did this happen?”

“The dating?” Jimin tries to clarify, and Taehyung nods. “Since this afternoon.”

“THIS AFTERNOON?!” Taehyung explodes. “How could you have waited so long to tell me, your best friend in the world—”

“Tae, telling you literally the first thing we did,” Jimin interrupts his tirade with a glare. Taehyung forces himself to let out a breath.

“Okay, fine,” he begrudgingly concedes. “How long has it been going on? How long have you liked him?”

A little smile crosses Jimin’s face as he absentmindedly looks out Taehyung’s window. “I don’t really know,” Jimin admits with a dreamy sigh. “I think I may have started liking him from our first tutoring session, and it just sort of...grew, until I realized just how much I liked him.”

Taehyung narrows his eyes and leans closer to Jimin. “And just how much *do* you like him?”

At this Jimin ducks his head, but the brunette doesn’t miss the way his cheeks turn pink while he avoids his eyes. Taehyung’s mouth drops open and he blinks rapidly as a thought hits him;

No way...surely there’s no way...

“Park Jimin, are you...” his voice drops to a whisper as he stares at him, transfixed. “In love with him?”

Jimin doesn’t reply, but Taehyung gets his answer when the redhead’s cheeks turn even darker and he pointedly looks anywhere but at Taehyung. The wind is knocked out of him and he leans back, dazed.

What is this. What is happening. Is this real life. Taehyung feels like he’s dreaming.

“You...fell in *love*...with none of than *Min Yoongi*...and you didn’t feel like telling *me*, your best friend in the entire universe, the one who once broke a bully’s nose because he kept calling you a munchkin from the Lollipop Guild from the Wizard of Oz? The one who would fight a man to the death for you? The one who told you how babies are made—which was awful, by the way, you should have seen the horrified look on your face—?” His voice is quiet and awed, and Jimin at least has the decency to look guilty.

“I’m sorry, Tae Tae, I honestly didn’t realize it until I saw him perform at the talent show, and I was just so caught up in my thoughts and distracted by everything afterwards that I wasn’t really thinking straight, and I j-just...I’m sorry.”

Any sense of betrayal Taehyung feels is trampled down by the way Jimin’s bottom lip begins trembling, and his eyes widen in shock before he quickly wraps his arms around his best friend because he knows what’s coming. “Hey, It’s okay, Chim, don’t cry,” he pleads. “I’m not mad, I’m really not.”

“Y-you’re not?” Jimin voice is watery as he blinks up at Taehyung from behind his glasses, and he shakes his head firmly.

“I’m not,” he reassures him with a pat to the back. “Just don’t do it again, okay?”

Jimin nods quickly, his soft red hair tickling Taehyung’s cheek as a bright smile replaces his little pout. “Okay,” he agrees.

He releases Jimin after another moment, and the older smiles gratefully at him before settling back into his original position on the bed. “What else do you want to know?”

Taehyung considers the question for a moment as he lies back as well, flinging his legs comfortably across Jimin lap and lacing his fingers behind his head. “You don’t have to answer if you don’t want, but...*why* do you love him?” His question is weary, tentative, and he expects Jimin not to answer, but instead the older falls silent while he considers it.

“I don’t know,” Jimin admits after a moment. “When I’m around him I just feel so, like *warm*, in a way. Like my chest feels tight and my stomach fills with butterflies and my heart races, and whenever he looks at me everything else just kind of...fades away, I guess,” Jimin struggles to explain, his eyes dreamy. “And I feel so safe with him, like he’ll never let anything bad ever happen to me. He like, gets me, I guess. And, *oh god*, he has the most beautiful smile I’ve ever seen, you have no idea, Tae. And I know he seems scary and dangerous but with me he’s so gentle, it’s almost like he thinks I’ll break if he’s not careful or something, and I don’t know, he just makes me...happy.”

Taehyung listens in silent awe to Jimin, not quite sure what to say. He watches Jimin sigh happily while he gazes out the window, absentmindedly pushing his glasses further up his nose.

Taehyung decides he has to speak to Yoongi next to really decide if he approves of this relationship.

Taehyung finds Yoongi in the halls the next day talking with two people by the water fountain. One is tall with a voice so deep Taehyung can hear it half way down the hall, and the other is smiling so brightly it almost blinds him.

“Yoongi sunbae,” Taehyung announces his arrival, and when Yoongi glances behind him, his face immediately darkens upon spotting him.

“What do you want, Taehyung?” He asks coldly, but Taehyung doesn’t let his icy tone shake his resolve. He jerks his head to indicate that Yoongi follow him, and next to the blonde, his two friends snicker and earn themselves a glare for it.

Yoongi looks like he’s debating whether or not to just tell Taehyung to fuck off when the younger crosses his arms in annoyance. “It’s about Jimin.”

The change is immediate. The scowl on Yoongi’s face dissolves into one of concern, his eyes going wide in alarm and his shoulders tensing. “It’s not bad,” Taehyung says quickly, waving his hands to get Yoongi to calm down, startled by his reaction. “I just want to talk about him.”

Yoongi blinks at him a few times before sighing. “Lead the way.” Taehyung is surprised by his easy surrender, but he’ll take it.

Yoongi follows Taehyung a little further down the hall, out of earshot of his friends, who are laughing gleefully at Yoongi’s back and earning a murderous look from over his shoulder as he leaves. Taehyung stops in front of a window looking out onto the parking lot and turns to Yoongi.

“Do you love Jimin?” Is the first thing he blurts out.

“Yes.”

Yoongi's response is immediate and without hesitation, as if it's the most natural thing in the world for him to say, and Taehyung is momentarily at a loss for words. He had been expecting some sort of resistance in answering, maybe even denial, because come on; this is *Min Yoongi* we're talking about, the guy who probably eats kittens for breakfast and has a collection of severed heads in his freezer. But here he is, admitting his love for Jimin to Taehyung as if he does it every day.

"O-oh," Taehyung stutters, trying to regain his composure. "Okay. Cool. That's cool." He internally kicks himself at his stupid response.

Yoongi raises a condescending brow at him and sighs. "Is that all you wanted to ask me?"

"Wait!" Taehyung holds up a hand when Yoongi takes a step to leave. "I just have some questions before I decide whether or not I approve of this union."

Yoongi snorts derisively before leaning against the wall. "This isn't the Joseon era, Taehyung, stop sounding like you're trying to arrange our marriage."

Taehyung chooses to ignore that remark. "Okay, first question," he begins, crossing his arms and watching Yoongi closely. "How long have you liked him?"

"Months," the blonde replies, fiddling with the hem of his black tee shirt as his gaze drifts away from the younger and out the window. "Ever since I first saw him."

Taehyung blinks at him in surprise. "So, was it love at first sight?" He asks with a chuckle, sort of half joking, but he's once again stunned into silence when Yoongi replies with another simple;

"Yes."

Taehyung makes some sort of choking sound that has Yoongi looking back at him with a frown. "Are you okay?"

"F-fine," Taehyung wheezes out, banging on his chest as a cough escapes him. "Just give me a minute." Yoongi waits impatiently for the brunette's fit to calm down, arms crossed and foot tapping in annoyance, not so subtly glancing at his wrist watch here and there. Finally, Taehyung is able to catch his breath and regain his composure, wiping his damp forehead with the back of his hand.

“Right. Uh. Next question,” he clears his throat, and Yoongi sighs in resignation. “What do you love about him?”

This time, he’s positive Yoongi is going to tell him to fuck off and leave him alone, but the older boy only glances out the window again, his features softening as he most likely thinks of a certain redhead.

“Everything,” Yoongi finally says quietly, and Taehyung’s eyes widen at how *gentle* his raspy voice sounds. “I love his squeaky giggles and his tiny little hands. And that smile that sort of stops my heart and makes his eyes disappear into little crescents, and his glasses that always slip down his nose, and those *goddamn* sweater paws. And how he blushes all the time and his chubby cheeks turn bright pink, *oh my god*. I love how he’s one of the smartest people I’ve ever met and yet he doesn’t flaunt it or make other people feel stupid. I love how he always sees the best in others and goes out of his way to be kind. He’s so bright and beautiful, like the fucking sun or something, and usually I’d hate that, but with Jimin...it just...with him it just makes me happy. He makes me happy. He makes me feel...complete.”

Once again, the wind is knocked right out of Taehyung as he gapes at Yoongi, completely shell-shocked by his honesty.

Holy fucking shit.

Min Yoongi, the terrifying bad boy, is so completely and utterly fucking *whipped* for Park Jimin it’s almost pathetic.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jimin's POV

Over the next few weeks, it seems Taehyung has come to accept Jimin and Yoongi's relationship. In fact, he seems to approve of the two of them so much that he won't leave them the fuck alone. Every time he and Yoongi seem to have some time to themselves, Taehyung somehow always finds them and happily third-wheels himself.

Jimin and Yoongi are standing pressed together in the doorway of an empty classroom one day as school is getting out, listening to one of Yoongi's tracks he's been working on, hands clasped together and Jimin's head on his shoulder while they simply enjoy each other's presence, when out of nowhere, Taehyung pops up behind them and scares the living hell out of Jimin.

He yelps loudly when a pair of hands clamps down on his shoulders from behind, sending him about a foot into the air and forcing Yoongi to steady him when he stumbles. "Aishhh, you scared the crap out of me!" Jimin snaps at a grinning Taehyung, hands clasped over his wildly racing heart as he glares at his best friend.

"Ah, sorry Chim," he says as he chucks Jimin under the chin, not sounding sorry at all. He laughs when Jimin slaps his hand away in annoyance and crosses his arms with a grumble. Next to him, Yoongi fixes Taehyung with a look that would make anyone else quail in fear, but it seems the cheeky brunette has become immune to Yoongi's prickliness.

"Go the fuck away, Taehyung," the blonde growls out, but he only graces Yoongi with a box grin and squeezes in between him and Jimin to throw his arm around Yoongi's shoulders, earning a few surprised gasps from the passing students at his audacity, because Park Jimin acting boldly around Min Yoongi is one thing, but *Kim Taehyung*? What the hell?

"Come on, hyung, don't be like that! You know you love me," he wiggles his eyebrows at Yoongi devilishly, but yelps in pain and leaps

away when Yoongi stomps on his foot. Hard. *“Yah!”*

Jimin snickers and Taehyung turns to him with a traumatized expression on his face, looking like a wounded puppy. “Park Jimin, you traitor. Are you going to let your demon treat me like that?”

Jimin bites back a smile and turns to Yoongi, looking grave as he places a hand on the older’s shoulder. “You mustn’t treat him like that, my demon.” Yoongi snorts but tries not to smile as he looks at Jimin, and just like that, they become lost in each other’s eyes; Jimin’s heart begins beating a little harder than usual as he gazes at his boyfriend, and his cheeks heat up because the way Yoongi looks at him makes him feel like he’s the only person in the world.

Taehyung looks between the two of them a few times and sighs. “Earth to Yoonmin?” He asks, waving his hand to get their attention while snickering at the nickname he’d given them.

“What the fuck is a Yoonmin?” Yoongi had asked in disgust the first time Taehyung called them that.

“It’s your ship name!”

“Our what?”

“It’s the cross between Yoongi and Jimin, hyung. Duh.”

“You’re a dumbass.”

“Earth to Yoonminnn,” Taehyung repeats again in a sing-songy voice, grunting when Yoongi reaches out and pushes him away by his face, never once breaking eye contact with Jimin as he shoves the brunette back.

Taehyung gasps in indignation and adjusts his hair moodily as he glares at Yoongi. “Fine then, be that way! I’m not bringing you guys any of my mom’s cookies tomorrow!” He informs them grumpily as he turns to stalk off. That snaps them both out of their trance.

“Tae, wait!”

Jimin’s POV

Jimin is studying in the library, settled on one of the comfortable couches nestled behind some shelves, book in hand and Yoongi's head in his lap as the older demonstrates his impressive ability to fall asleep in 3 seconds flat. His arms are crossed over his chest and his feet are propped up on the armrest of the couch, his blonde hair soft and silky as it lies across his forehead.

Yoongi mumbles something in his sleep and shifts on Jimin's lap, who looks down from his textbook with a fond smile as he watches Yoongi frown softly and the skin between his eyes crease in his sleep. Setting the textbook down, Jimin gently runs his index finger between Yoongi eyebrows and watches in awe as his forehead immediately smooths out, his frown disappearing as a serene look takes over his face. Satisfied, Jimin runs his fingertip down the bridge of Yoongi's nose before he goes to retract his hand, when out of nowhere, Yoongi reaches up and snatches Jimin's wrist back and brings his hand to his lips, placing a soft kiss to the younger's knuckles, eyes still closed. Jimin blushes and smiles when Yoongi pecks the back of his hand again, expecting him to release it now, but instead Yoongi places Jimin's hand in his blonde hair and jiggles it a little bit, eyes still stubbornly closed. Jimin gets the hint and begins carding his fingers through Yoongi's soft hair, smiling in fond amusement at the little hum of satisfaction he earns for his efforts.

With a content sigh, Yoongi turns over and wiggles further into Jimin, burying his face in the soft blue material of his sweater and wrapping an arm loosely around his waist. Jimin feels an overwhelming burst of love fill his chest as he gazes down at Yoongi, and he bends down to place a kiss on top of his blonde head, earning a squeeze around the waist and an incoherent murmur of something.

He's about to ask Yoongi what he said, when of fucking *course*, Taehyung chooses that moment to make his appearance.

"CHIM CHIM!" His deep voice booms loudly through the library, earning a sharp, hissed '*SHHHH*' from the direction of the librarian's desk and he comes trotting into view, box grin in place. Jimin jumps in surprise and Yoongi groans. Instead of sitting up and pulling away from Jimin, he only burrows his face further into Jimin, his other arm wrapping around Jimin's waist and tightening possessively.

"Aigooo, you two are so cute," Taehyung croons as he plops down on Jimin's other side, jostling the couch and earning a growl from Yoongi. He reaches out his own hand to pat Yoongi's head, but Jimin knows his boyfriend would not be happy about that, so he slaps

Taehyung's hand away sharply and levels a warning glare at him.

"Okay, okay, chill," Taehyung raises his hands in surrender, smiling cheekily at the redhead. "So, what are we doing after school? I was thinking a movie?" On his lap, Jimin can practically feel Yoongi's teeth grit in irritation as his fists tighten in Jimin's sweater. He pushes down his own flood of annoyance while he threads his hands calmly through the soft blonde hair while he resists the urge to throttle his best friend.

Jimin's POV

Yoongi presses Jimin into the brick wall, arms on either side of his head as he cages him between the cold stone and Yoongi's warm body. Jimin's hands are fisted in the plaid flannel of Yoongi's shirt, his heart trying to pound out of his chest as Yoongi moves his face closer to the Jimin's.

They're behind the school after has it's ended for the day, having snuck away as the halls flooded with students while the final bell rang, hand-in-hand as they tried to avoid Taehyung, not sure when or when the little shit would appear and ruin the moment. They'd successfully found the spot they're in now, hidden from view by a large oak tree at the back of the school where nobody ever comes.

Jimin shivers when Yoongi presses closer to him as the older's body heat seeps into him, Yoongi's intoxicating scent filling his senses and making his knees a little weak. He pulls Yoongi nearer by his shirt, his breath hitching when his gaze drops to Jimin's lips.

"Jiminie," Yoongi murmurs as he closes the rest of the distance between their faces, his minty breath ghosting across Jimin's mouth and making his stomach flutter. Jimin's lips part unconsciously and he tilts his face up to meet Yoongi, his eyes fluttering closed and his heart pounding. He feels soft lips barely, *barely* brush against his, and tingles of electricity shoot through him. He can feel Yoongi about to press their lips more firmly together—

"There you two are!"

Yoongi pulls back sharply and Jimin's eyes snap open, dread filling him. They stare at each other in horror, not even needing to look over to see who it is.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," Yoongi breathes as he gapes at Jimin. They hear panting as Taehyung jogs up to them, and Yoongi drops his head onto Jimin's shoulder with a groan. "I'm going to fucking kill him."

Jimin stands still in shock, his hands unconsciously clutching at the back of Yoongi's flannel as his glasses slip down his nose, but he doesn't even notice because Taehyung appears at his peripheral. "I'm this close to letting you." He whispers back, and Yoongi laughs bitterly into his shoulder.

Jimin's POV

"Hyung, what did you get for question #5?" Jimin asks, looking over at Yoongi lying on his back on Jimin's bed, math textbook in his lap. Yoongi lifts his head and looks at him wearily.

"27?" It's more of a question than an answer, but Jimin beams at him and reaches out to stroke his arm.

"Good! I see our tutoring has paid off," he grins proudly at Yoongi, who grumbles grumpily and bats away the hand Jimin pats him with, but he can see the smile pulling at his lips and the light pink that paints his pale cheeks at the praise. Jimin grabs his hand and laces their fingers together, his thumb brushing over the faded monarch butterfly tattoo on the back of Yoongi's hand tenderly, his smaller fingers fitting perfectly within Yoongi's longer, thinner ones.

They're studying in Jimin's room one day after school, lounging on his bed and snacking on M&Ms and tossing caramel popcorn at each other. Jimin's parents are out with his brother, Jihyun, so it's just the two of them in the house. Yoongi keeps whining about not wanting to study but Jimin is having none of it, bribing him with a cheek kiss for every math problem he solves.

"I answered it right," Yoongi states, reaching out to Jimin with

grabby hands. "I want my reward."

The redhead laughs and leans over to plant a big, wet, sloppy kiss on Yoongi's smooth cheek. "Gross," the older grumbles in mock disgust, but he wraps his arms around Jimin and traps his giggling boyfriend against his body.

Jimin squeals when Yoongi flips him over so he's pressed into the mattress, laughing wildly as Yoongi attacks his neck with equally wet and sloppy kisses. He tries to wiggle out of Yoongi's grasp, his glasses slipping down his nose and his cheeks turning bright pink while he squirms desperately, but Yoongi just presses him back down with a chuckle.

"Hyung!" He gasps through his laughter as he tries to push Yoongi off of him. "Stop! It *tickles!*"

It's when Yoongi places a chaste, soft kiss behind his ear that Jimin's laughter dies down. He gulps when he feels soft lips begin slowly working up his neck and across his jaw, his heart starting a wild rhythm in his chest as the air around them changes, charges with electricity. Jimin's breathing picks up when Yoongi's hand slides down to rest on his hip while the other arm supports his weight beside Jimin's head, and a wild burst of butterflies explodes in the pit of his stomach at the way Yoongi's mouth ghosts across his skin, causing goosebumps to rise.

"*Hyung*," Jimin says again, but this time it's breathier, needier, and he arches his body into Yoongi's touch, shivering as the older's lips kiss across his jaw and onto his chin. He wraps his arms around Yoongi's shoulders when his lips come to hover over Jimin's, barely half an inch away and yet so, so far away.

"Jiminie," Yoongi whispers back before he connects their lips in a long-awaited kiss.

Jimin melts at the feeling of Yoongi's velvet-soft lips moving against his, and he realizes how long he's been deprived of the feeling because of a certain someone. He sighs into the kiss and angles his head so their mouth meld together better, his body tingling and his head swimming as he threads his fingers through blonde hair.

Yoongi tastes of caramel and chocolate, and Jimin struggles to hold back a groan at the taste of him. But he can't help the little whimper that slips out of him when Yoongi licks across his bottom lip, silently asking for permission, which he gives happily. Yoongi's hand kneads

against Jimin's sharp hipbone as their tongues work together, and Jimin shivers when his long fingers slide under the younger's sweater to just barely brush against the skin of his stomach.

Jimin tilts his head to deepen the kiss when there is suddenly loud knocking on the front door.

"Chim Chim, are you home?"

They break away with a sharp gasp and stare at each other in pure horror. "Oh my god," Jimin breathes, his kiss-swollen mouth dropping over as his eyes widen at Yoongi. "Oh my god."

"There's no way," Yoongi whispers, still frozen in their previous position; hand under Jimin's shirt, the younger's thigh hitched against his hip, Jimin's arms around his shoulders. "There's no fucking way."

They both fall silent as they listen to Taehyung knock more insistently, not daring to make a sound. "Chim Chiiiiim?"

"It's okay," Jimin whispers, staring out his bedroom in the direction of the front of the house. "The door is locked."

With a groan, Yoongi pulls away from Jimin and sits back up, grabbing the younger's arms and tugging him up as well. Jimin rests his face in the crook of Yoongi neck in defeat, sighing when his hands rub soothing circles on Jimin's back.

"I know you love him," Yoongi says in a voice barely above a breath. "But I am this close to strangling him with his own limbs."

"I'm this close to letting you," Jimin grumbles back, pouting into the warm skin of Yoongi's neck.

It's when they hear a lock jiggling and a door opening that they pull away from each other and Jimin's face pales of all color. "*Oh my god*, I forgot he knows where we keep the spare key."

Yoongi's POV

The next day Yoongi and Jimin sit on the floor of Yoongi's bedroom,

since Taehyung doesn't know where he lives yet and it's the safest place for their serious meeting taking place.

They sit across from each other with grave expressions, a bowl of watermelon cubes (*"Watermelon, Jiminie? Really", "What? I like watermelon!"*) sitting between them, Yoongi trying not to smile at how Jimin's hands are folded diplomatically in his lap, his glasses perched on his nose and an air of seriousness surrounding him, which is somewhat ruined by the pink of his cheeks and his damn adorable sweater paws.

"We have gathered here today to discuss the growing issue of Kim 'The Cockblock' Taehyung," Jimin begins seriously, and Yoongi has to hold back a snort of laughter at how cute he is. "It has become a serious problem, and it must be dealt with or I fear it'll get out of control."

"What do you suggest?" Yoongi asks with a nod, playing along and trying not to coo at the boy when his brows furrow in concentration at the question. It's silent for a moment as Jimin thinks, until his face lights up and he sits straighter.

"We have to get him a boyfriend!" He exclaims, and Yoongi raises a brow at him.

"A boyfriend?"

"Yeah!" Jimin nods enthusiastically. "That way he'll leave us alone." *Oh god*, Yoongi adores this boy. How did he get so lucky?

Yoongi bites back a smile at how bright-eyed and excited Jimin looks. "Who do you have in mind?"

"Um..." Jimin pauses, his lips pouting out as he thinks, and Yoongi really wants to lean forward and kiss them, but he restrains himself. Jimin taps at his chin as he wracks his brain, his eyebrows furrowing in concentration again. Finally, something seems to hit him, cause he gasps loudly and his mouth drops open.

"Jungkook!" He practically yells, and Yoongi frowns at him.

"Who?"

"Jeon Jungkook, the boy you played the piano for at the talent show," Jimin tells him, and his mind suddenly clears as he remembers the cute bunny-like kid that danced to his piano playing at the school

event.

“Oh yeah, I remember him,” Yoongi says with a nod, and Jimin claps his hands together gleefully. “Why Jungkook?”

“He’s perfect! Taehyung swears to hell and back again that he doesn’t have a crush on him, but I’ve known the little shit since we were in diapers and he’s a terrible liar,” Jimin grins evilly, and Yoongi is pleasantly surprised by this impish side of the younger.

“Do they even know each other?”

“If Jungkook saying *“excuse me, you dropped your pencil”* and then Tae turning as red as a tomato counts, then yes,” Jimin says, and Yoongi snorts in amusement.

“Alright, so what’s your plan?” Yoongi asks, and Jimin grins.

“I have the perfect idea. We’ll call it...” Jimin pauses to pop a watermelon cube into his mouth. “Operation: Get Taehyung a Boyfriend.”

Chapter End Notes

I may or may not have channeled my love for watermelon through Jimin whoops

Chapter 3

Jungkook had just walked into the cafeteria in search of a place to sit when he sees a flash of bright red in his peripheral, quickly followed by a cheery, “Jungkook-ssi!”

He looks over and his eyes widen in shock when he sees Park Jimin, the top student in the school, and his boyfriend, Min Yoongi, the scariest student in school, approaching him. “O-oh,” he stutters when the two stop before him, one with a grin brighter than the sun and the other with a bored scowl. “Hi, Jimin sunbae,” he says awkwardly, bowing deeply at a ninety degree angle, struggling to keep his tray of food balanced while he does.

“Oh gosh,” Jimin exclaims, eyes wide. “No need for that, Jungkook-ssi!” Jungkook looks up at him, a little confused, but nods and straightens out of the bow.

“Uh, how can I help you?”

“I just wanted to introduce myself,” Jimin says with a warm smile, and Jungkook finds himself relaxing slightly at it. “We haven’t been formally introduced.”

“Oh, I see,” Jungkook nods shyly, not seeing at all. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“You too!” Jimin chirps happily. “I just wanted to say I saw your performance at the talent show, and you’re a really good dancer!”

Jungkook’s eyes widen at him. “Really? Y-you think so?”

“Yeah! You were great!” Jimin nods happily at him, and Jungkook finds himself smiling. Jimin turns to Yoongi and nudges his shoulder. “Isn’t that right, hyung?”

Jungkook gulps when the blonde bad boy fixes his dark, unreadable gaze on his face, trying not to shift uncomfortably. He misses the way Jimin steps on Yoongi’s foot when he doesn’t say anything right away. “Ah. Yeah. Yes. I never got the chance to tell you after the performance, but you were pretty good.”

At this, Jungkook’s mouth drops open and a wave of pleasure sweeps through him. Yoongi, Min Yoongi, the stoic, cold, terrifying bad boy

who hates everyone except Jimin, thinks *he*, Jeon Jungkook, was *pretty good*? Oh man holy shit, he could pass out.

“Really?” He gasps, blanching at Yoongi, who rubs the back of his neck awkwardly.

“Really. I’ve never really seen anyone dance to the piano before, but it was pretty good.”

Jungkook is momentarily at a loss for words, and he’s sure he looks like a damn goldfish as he gapes at Yoongi, who begins to look a little uncomfortable. “Wow, thank you, sunbae!”

Yoongi nods stiffly at him, pulling a smile that looks a little more like a grimace, and Jungkook once again misses when Jimin stomps on Yoongi’s foot, making him wince. “Uh. Um. You can, uh. You can call me hyung, if you want. Or whatever.”

Jungkook does a one take at him. Then a double take. And a triple take. “H-hyung?” He finally gasps, at a loss for words, and Yoongi nods stiffly.

“Me too!” Jimin chirrups, and Jungkook turns his wide-eyed gaze from Yoongi to Jimin, not believing his ears. Did the power couple of the school really just say he, Jeon Jungkook, could call them ‘*hyung*’?

When Jungkook only continues to gape at him, Jimin and Yoongi glance at each other. “Did you want to sit with us, Jungkook-ssi?” Jimin asks tentatively, and Jungkook is positive that Jimin is able to see his eyes practically fill with awe. He never really sits with anyone at lunch because he’s so shy that most people just think he’s an emo loner, so they usually just ignore him. He doesn’t really mind that much, but sometimes sitting by yourself in a cafeteria full of loud, laughing students can get a little lonely. And here he is, being invited to sit with two of the most influential people in the entire school.

“Okay,” he breathes, glancing down at his food and noticing that he’d been gripping the red tray so hard his knuckles have turned white.

“Great!” Jimin grins and motions for Jungkook to follow him as he turns to walk further into the cafeteria, his small hand linking with Yoongi’s larger one. Jungkook, like the rest of the school, is still in slight shock about their relationship. Even after almost three months of them dating, no one can ever really seem to get used to the sight of the ice cold, thug-like, prickly Min Yoongi turning all gooey and soft

whenever he sees the sweet, kind-hearted math genius, Park Jimin. They are easily the weirdest pair Jungkook has ever seen, and yet they seem to *work*. They just fit together, like two pieces of a puzzle, and what Jimin doesn't realize is that he has Yoongi wrapped around his little finger.

Jungkook wonders what it would be like to have someone special like that in his life as he follows after Jimin and Yoongi, ducking his head and his cheeks turning pink as he draws the attention of some whispering students as they go. He keeps his gaze fixed on the back of Jimin's dark green sweater until he hears someone from somewhere ahead of them shout;

“CHIM CHIM!”

Jungkook looks up and peers over Jimin's shoulder to see a table occupied by three other boys, one of which is grinning and waving like mad at Jimin and Yoongi.

“Hi, Tae,” Jimin replies with a smile as they stop before the table, and the redhead looks behind him to motion Jungkook forward. “Guys, this is Jeon Jungkook, he's going to be eating with us today.”

Cheeks warm, Jungkook steps up and forces himself to look at the other students, noticing that the one who called out to Jimin had gone slightly pale and he is staring at Jungkook with wide eyes. “Uh, hello, I'm Jungkook,” he introduces himself in a weak voice, once again bowing at deeply to them.

“Aigooo, look how adorable he is!” Someone exclaims, and Jungkook glances up to see one of the boys grinning at him so brightly it almost burns his eyes. “I'm Jung Hoseok! Come sit next to me!”

Before Jungkook has a chance to process what's happening, he's being dragged into the seat in between Hoseok and another tall boy who smiles at him warmly. Across from him, Jimin and Yoongi sit down next to the brunette who is looking at Jungkook like he's seen a ghost.

“I'm Kim Namjoon,” the boy on Jungkook's other side says in a shockingly deep voice, and the younger smiles shyly at him.

“Nice to meet you,” he replies in a small voice that makes Hoseok coo sappily, startling Jungkook when he pats his black hair as if he were a puppy.

“Omo, how cute,” he croons, making Jungkook’s cheeks bloom red while he fiddles awkwardly with his chopsticks. He hears someone clears their throat and looks up to see Jimin looking pointedly at the boy beside him, who continues to stare at Jungkook, who can’t help but shift uncomfortably under his wide-eyed gaze, wondering if he has something on his face.

“Tae?” Jimin nudges his friend, who seems to snap out of his trance as he blinks quickly and finally looks away from Jungkook to Jimin. “Are you going to introduce yourself?”

“U-uh,” the brunette gulps and looks at Jungkook again, making the younger frown to himself. Why is this guy acting so weird? “I’m, um... I’m Kim Taehyung...” his voice is way deeper than it looks like it’d be, and Jungkook is slightly surprised. He notes with interest that Taehyung is pretty cute, and Jungkook feels like he’s maybe spoken to him before.

“It’s nice to meet you, Taehyung-ssi,” Jungkook says, not seeing the way Taehyung’s face turns a startling shade of pink when the younger goes to pick at his rice.

“You can call him hyung,” Jimin pipes up, and Taehyung makes a choking sound. Jungkook looks up to stare at Taehyung with wide eyes, not believing what he’s hearing.

“Really?” He asks, but before Taehyung can reply, Hoseok slaps his shoulder.

“Me too!”

“And me.” Namjoon smiles from Jungkook’s other side, and he feels a little dizzy. In the course of few minutes, Jungkook has gone from having virtually no friends and speaking to everyone formally and timidly, to being surrounded by five boys who are smiling and welcoming and telling him to call them *‘hyung’*.

He can’t help it when a smile splits his face and crinkles his nose, and Hoseok gasps. “Omo! Look at this cutie!” He babbles at Jungkook, who squeaks in surprise when the older boy captures his face between his hands and squeezes his cheeks.

“Yah, knock it off, Hobi,” Yoongi snaps from beside Jimin. “Let the kid eat in peace.”

They do let him eat in peace, and Jungkook simply listens in

fascination as they talk and tell stories and joke. He learns that Jimin and Taehyung have been best friends since they were two years old, Hoseok and Namjoon have put up with Yoongi for longer than they care to remember (insert: glare from Yoongi), Taehyung and Yoongi are both from Daegu, and that Jimin is also from Busan.

“You’re from Busan?” Jungkook asks with a smile, and Jimin nods enthusiastically. “I’m from Busan!”

“Really?”

“Yeah!” Jungkook finds himself quickly relaxing in the presence of these kind boys, and faster than he’d ever thought possible, he is laughing and joking along with them. The end of lunch comes way too quickly, and he tries not to feel too disappointed as they all begin standing up to head to their next classes.

“Oh, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin says suddenly, pausing on his way from turning to leave, Yoongi next to him carrying his books. Hoseok and Namjoon had left a moment ago, leaving Jungkook with Jimin, Yoongi, and Taehyung, who has seems to have loosened up a little.

“Yeah, hyung?” He feels a little quiver of happiness at the term.

“The three of us were going to see a movie tonight, if you wanted to come with us?” Jimin says, indicating Yoongi and Taehyung beside him. The latter of the two whips around to stare at Jimin, his eyes practically popping out of his head.

“Really? Would that be okay?” Jungkook gapes at the redhead, not even believing his ears.

“Of course!” Jimin exclaims, grinning warmly at him. “We’ll meet you guys at the theater, okay? Give me your number so I can text you the details.”

After exchanging numbers, Jimin and Yoongi head out with Taehyung trailing like a lost puppy behind them, shooting Jungkook a tentative smile over his shoulder as he goes, and the look has Jungkook’s chest feeling a little warm.

Long after they disappear, Jungkook stares after them, simply reeling in shock about what just happened. Did he really just make more friends in half an hour than he has since he started school? And they’re all so nice and funny and they made him feel so comfortable and welcomed, and Jungkook can’t help but wonder if this is all a

dream. But no, he looks down at Jimin's newly added number in his contacts, and a huge grin splits his face.

Taehyung is the first to arrive at the movie theater later that evening, feeling slightly jittery with a mix of nervousness and excitement. He is standing next to the claw machine in the arcade when he spots Jungkook enter the theater, looking timid and adorable in a large white tee shirt and jeans ripped at the knees while he glances around in search of a familiar face.

Taehyung feels a wave of adrenaline hit him when Jungkook spots him across the theater and waves, a smile pulling at his lips as he makes a beeline for the older boy. He moves to meet Jungkook halfway, and his heart picks up pace a little when they stop in front of each other and Taehyung sees the light blush on the younger's cheeks.

"Hi, hyung," Jungkook greets shyly, and Taehyung melts a little bit, a box grin taking over his face because Jungkook is cute and he can't help it.

"Hi, Jungkook-ah," he smiles warmly, and it seems to make Jungkook relax a little bit, his broad shoulders losing a little of their tension and his back straightening a little. He glances around Taehyung, a curious expression on his face when he sees that he's alone.

"Are Jimin hyung and Yoongi hyung here yet?" Taehyung shakes his head and checks the time on his phone.

"The movie doesn't start for another fifteen minutes. Let's give them five more minutes and then I'll text Chim."

After five minutes pass, in which Taehyung and Jungkook engage in awkward small talk, he finally sends Jimin a text message;

Me:

Are you guys almost here?

Jimin replies a few moments later, not answering Taehyung's question and instead asking one of his own;

Chim Chim:

Is Jungkook there yet?

When Taehyung replies that he is, another text pops up on the screen;

Chim Chim:

**Ah Tae something came up I don't think Yoongi hyung and I will
be able to make it**

Taehyung stares at his phone with such a dumbfounded expression that Jungkook looks at him in concern. "Are you okay, hyung?" Glancing up at Jungkook and seeing the cutely worried look on his face, he can't help but smile.

"Yeah, it just looks like Chiminie and Yoongi hyung won't be able to make it."

Jungkook looks surprised and glances around as if Jimin and Yoongi will magically appear. Neither of them notice when two people quickly duck behind a large cardboard cutout of Captain America for the new Avengers movie by the concessions stand.

Quickly typing out a text asking what's wrong, Taehyung receives a reply after another moment;

Chim Chim:

Uh

Chim Chim:

Hyung forgot that he had to

Chim Chim:

Babysit

Taehyung frowns down at his phone in confusion. As far as he knows, Yoongi doesn't babysit. Who the hell would hire the human version of the Grinch to babysit their child? He's distracted from sending another text by Jungkook gripping his arm and gasping excitedly.

"Hyung, look!" He exclaims, and Taehyung looks up to see him pointing at a large screen that's playing a trailer for the Avengers. "I love Iron Man!"

The expression on the younger's face is so bright and excited that Taehyung almost coos. Maybe Jimin and Yoongi not being here won't be so bad.

Yoongi's POV

"Oh my god, they almost saw us," Jimin squeaks as he dives back behind the Captain America cutout, clutching at his chest and breathing heavily. Next to him, wearing a black beanie pulled low over his blonde hair and a pair of big sunglasses, Yoongi sighs at him, fighting back a smile at way Jimin shoves his own giant, bug-like sunglasses up his nose.

"Jiminie, are we seriously doing this?"

"Shhh, Tae sent another text," Jimin sucks in a breath as he reads the text, looking up at Yoongi with wide eyes. "He wants to know why we can't make it."

“Just tell him we’re literally fifty feet away spying on him and Jungkook on their ‘date,’” Yoongi replies, chuckling when Jimin glares at him through his sunglasses and readjusts the silk floral scarf tied around his head moodily.

“You look like an ajumma,” Yoongi adds, chucking Jimin under the chin with a soft smile, who huffs and slaps his hand away in annoyance.

“It’s part of my cover, hyung,” he grumbles back, tucking a stray strand of bright red hair back under the scarf and looking miffed.

Yoongi shakes his head in amused exasperation. Only Park Jimin could get him to hide behind a cardboard cutout in a packed movie theater on a Friday night, his tattoos hidden by a big black hoodie and his face covered by sunglasses while his little ajumma-boyfriend spies on their friends’ setup date.

“I’ll say, uh...” Jimin struggles to think of an excuse as Yoongi watches him fondly, pointedly ignoring the looks they’re getting as they crouch behind Captain America. “I’ll say you had to...babysit!”

Yoongi gives him disgusted look. “Babysit, Jiminie? *Really?*”

Jimin ignores him and sends the text, peeking out from behind Captain America’s shoulder to watch Taehyung. “Okay, he got the text...Jungkook is pointing at something?” Jimin whispers to Yoongi, who just chuckles beside him. “Oh! They’re getting into line to buy tickets! Come on hyung!”

Yoongi allows himself to be dragged out of hiding by Jimin as they follow the two younger boys.

After the movie, Taehyung and Jungkook exit the theater, laughing at how dumb the special effects in the action flick were, tossing their remaining popcorn and sodas into the trash.

Jungkook finds himself not wanting the night to end. Taehyung is nice and funny and he has a really cute smile, and he's having more fun with Taehyung than he's had in a long time. It's almost as if the older boy can read his mind, because he points over at the built in arcade.

"You up for it?" He asks with that aforementioned smile, and Jungkook nods enthusiastically.

They play skee ball and coin drop games and shooting games and basketball games and racing games—which Jungkook wins most of and Taehyung pouts about. When Jungkook spots Dance Dance Revolution just *waiting* there for him, he gasps excitedly and drags Taehyung up with him.

Taehyung complains at first, but when Jungkook picks "Mr. Mr." by SNSD and the animated dance movements begin flashing on screen, the younger starts dancing so *enthusiastically* that Taehyung doubles over and can't stop laughing, and eventually he caves and joins in. He's not as good as Jungkook, obviously, who's been dancing for years, but he can still hold his own, and they eventually draw a crowd as they dance to seemingly every girl group song there is; "Like Ooh Ahh" by Twice, IOI's "Very Very Very", EXID's "Up and Down", "Russian Roulette" by Red Velvet, and Jungkook's personal favorite, "Something" by Girl's Day.

Jungkook earns a near perfect score and when they finally are forced to stop to catch their breath, they earn a giant roar of applause from their audience. Jungkook's body aches in a good way and he's struggling to draw air into his starved lungs, which isn't helped by how hard he's laughing at how red-faced and winded Taehyung looks.

"Awe, hyung, you look like a tomato," he giggles at Taehyung, who shoots him a glare, though he's trying to hide a smile while he doubles over and struggles to catch his breath.

"Are you trying to kill me, Kookie?" Taehyung gasps, making Jungkook laugh loudly and slap the older on the back, feeling warm at the nickname. "I feel like I'm going to pass out."

"I'll treat you to ice cream as a way of apology," Jungkook says, seizing a wave of confidence and giggling when Taehyung immediately shoots up straight and grins widely. He flings an arm around Jungkook's shoulder and pulls him close, and the black-haired boy's heart skitters a beat or two, sure his cheeks are turning bright

pink. Taehyung tugs him along, his scent, like cinnamon and honey, filling Jungkook's senses and making him a little dizzy. The younger watches with wide eyes as Taehyung pushes his sweaty bangs away from his forehead, revealing straight, sharp eyebrows that look really good on his handsome face. Their faces are so close that Jungkook can practically count all of the long lashes that frame Taehyung's big, round puppy eyes.

"I'm always a slut for ice cream," Taehyung says happily, and Jungkook laughs, feeling a little breathless, and it's not from dancing so hard. "Come on, I know a place."

Chapter 4

Jungkook integrates into their friend group so easily and seamlessly it's like he's been there forever, and even though it's only been two weeks, Taehyung can barely imagine what it was like before him.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to come out of his shell with them, and they all quickly discovered what a little terror he is. Along with Taehyung and Hoseok, he wreaks absolute havoc, and the three of them are constantly getting yelled at by teachers to shut up. He goes absolutely ballistic if he has any sugar and will break out into girl group dances in the middle of the hall, with Hoseok joining in with an excited screech. He absolutely refuses to call Jimin '*hyung*' anymore, but to Jimin's rage and Taehyung's delight.

"Yah, you little brat, I'm older than you, show some respect!" Jimin glared at him from across the lunch table, earning snickers from Taehyung and Hoseok. Even Yoongi had to bite back a smile out the outraged look on Jimin's face.

"But I'm taller than you," Jungkook stated primly, making Taehyung cackle loudly and Hoseok burst into laughter and double over his tray. He could practically see the steam spilling out from his best friend's ears, but thankfully Yoongi had placed a gentle hand on Jimin's shoulder, which seemed to calm him down enough to not leap across the table and strangle Jungkook.

It's when Jungkook starts singing—in a surprisingly nice voice —“~Jiminie hyung's height is freaking small~” that Jimin's mouth drops open and he tries to launch himself across the table amidst wild laughter. Yoongi catches him before he reaches Jungkook and pulls him back, trying not to laugh himself.

"I think that's our cue to leave," Yoongi says, wrapping his arms around a squirming, fuming Jimin. "Time to go, Minnie," he tugs Jimin towards the cafeteria exit, which Jimin ignores and continues to try to escape Yoongi's hold. "I'll buy you some watermelon." That seems to work, because Jimin stops struggling, choosing instead to shoot Jungkook a glare as Yoongi leads him out of the cafeteria.

"Of course that's the only time he calls me '*hyung*.'" Taehyung hears Jimin grumble to Yoongi as they leave, and a new bout of laughter starts up amongst the remaining boys at the table. Even Namjoon tries not to smile at Jungkook's smugly satisfied look.

Taehyung feels warmth pool in his stomach when Jungkook grins at him, the smile that squeezes his eyes closed and crinkles up his nose, and Taehyung might or might not fall even harder for him in that moment.

Yoongi's POV

"We need to accelerate our plan," Jimin states as he paces back and forth across Yoongi's bedroom floor, hands clasped behind his back as he thinks. Yoongi watches him in amusement from his bed, a surge of love flooding him as his eyes follow his flame-haired mochi while he wrack his brains, his eyebrows furrowed in concentration.

"Jiminie, Taehyung's leaving us alone for the most part, why can't we just leave it at that?"

Jimin flips around to face him, face incredulous. "Because they still aren't dating yet! All they do is stare at each other longingly and smile shyly and blush like idiots, and I've had enough of it, I tell you! Enough!"

It takes Yoongi all of his strength to not laugh at Jimin's outraged face, because he knows when the younger's in a mood like this its best to just go along with him. "Okay, so what do you want to do?"

Jimin slams his fist into his other hand in determination. "We have to trap them together in a room and not let them out until they kiss."

Yoongi rubs a hand tiredly over his face.

Chim Chim:
Come to Ms. Gu's classroom, I want to show you something

Taehyung frowns down at Jimin's text as he makes his way to the classroom, wondering what it could be about. He could ask, but sometimes Jimin likes to act vague and mysterious over text so he probably won't even give him a straight answer if he did.

Upon reaching Ms. Gu's classroom, which has been empty for the past week because a pipe burst in the ceiling and still has to be repaired, Taehyung knocks once before pushing the door open.

"Chim?"

"Hyung?"

"Kookie?"

Taehyung and Jungkook stare at each other with wide eyes. "What are you doing here?" The older asks in confusion, and Jungkook holds up his phone.

"Yoongi hyung texted me and told me he had something to show me," he says, and Taehyung frowns.

"Really?" I got a text from Chim saying the same thing," he glances down at his phone again. "I wonder what they want to show us?"

"Should we call them and see if they're coming, or wait a few minutes?" Jungkook asks, right at the same moment that the closed door behind them locks with a loud 'click'.

Taehyung and Jungkook both whip towards the door in alarm. "What the hell?" The brunette mutters, trying to turn the handle and finding it indeed, locked.

"Do you think it was the janitor?" Jungkook gapes at him, and Taehyung can't help but smile at how cutely concerned he looks.

"I don't know. I'll call Chim and tell him to come help us."

Taehyung dials Jimin on his phone and waits while it rings. And rings. And rings. Then it goes straight to voicemail. "He's not answering," Taehyung frowns before hanging up and trying again, looking up at Jungkook as it dials. "Could you try calling Yoongi hyung and see if he answers?"

Jungkook obeys and gets the same results. After a few more attempts, they try calling Hoseok and Namjoon, to no avail.

So they start banging on the door and shouting for help, but apparently the damn classroom is soundproof or some shit, because no help comes.

“Oh my god, I’m going to start hyperventilating,” Taehyung breathes heavily, sinking down to the floor with his back against the wall, drawing his knees to his chest and wrapping his arms around them. Jungkook sits down next to him, looking concerned as he places a hand on the older’s shoulder, and Taehyung’s body thrums at the proximity.

“It’ll be fine, hyung, someone will find us, it’s not like we’re going to die in here,” Jungkook assures him kindly. Taehyung’s eyes widen and he buries his face in his hands.

“Oh my god, we’re gonna die in here!”

Jungkook clucks his tongue and shoves at Taehyung’s shoulder. “Jiminie was right, you *are* a drama queen.”

Taehyung snaps his head up at stare at Jungkook in shock, his mouth dropping open. “He said *what?!?*” When Jungkook only grins, Taehyung gasps. “Wah, Park Jimin, some best friend you are,” he shakes his fist at the sky, outraged. “That hurts. I’m hurt.”

Jungkook giggles and they settle into a comfortable silence while Taehyung sends Jimin at least ten texts in a row asking for help, but gets nothing in reply. At that moment the final bell rings, and Taehyung is grateful that they’d at least been trapped when school had finished and not before, because then they’d be late to their next classes and would probably get detention.

Taehyung is acutely aware of Jungkook sitting next to him, their shoulders touching and the younger’s scent of fresh cotton and some sort of sweet soap, like oranges and vanilla, drifts by his nose, and his heart begins beating a little quicker.

“Ah, I’m so tired,” Jungkook yawns just then, and Taehyung almost squeaks when the black-haired boy slouches further down the wall and rests his head on Taehyung’s shoulder with a contented hum. Jungkook stretches out his legs and rests his hands on the ground on either side of his body, perfectly comfortable. He’s so close, Taehyung can feel his breath stirring on his shoulder, can feel the heat of his body, can see Jungkook’s hand on the floor in his peripheral, practically calling to him.

With his heart banging out of his chest and swarms of butterflies assaulting his stomach, Taehyung tentatively reaches down and takes Jungkook's hand in his own, holding his breath in fear.

Taehyung instantly regrets it when Jungkook freezes. Oh god, he fucked up. He made a move on Jungkook and now the kid must be freaked out. He's such an idiot.

Jungkook shifts slightly and looks up from Taehyung's shoulder, his eyes wide and unreadable, and the older wants to club himself on the head. *Stupid, stupid.* He's about to retract his hand when Jungkook smiles softly, his nose crinkles, his fingers weave through Taehyung's, and he rests his head back on his shoulder.

Taehyung stares straight ahead of him, shock trickling through him and his mind fizzling out, the warmth of Jungkook's hand seeping up his arm and into his body, the younger's soft skin making him tingle and his heart go a-skittering. Taehyung struggles to think of what to say, and wishes he was better at words, like Jimin or Namjoon.

"K-Kookie?" Taehyung begins, wincing when his voice cracks. His breath hitches when Jungkook sits back up and looks at him curiously, their faces level and so frucking close Taehyung is sure Jungkook can count every pore of his face.

"Yeah, hyung?"

"Um..." Taehyung struggles to keep his train of thought, but his eyes drop down to Jungkook's lips, pink and full, and his throat goes a little dry. Taehyung can feel his heart beating in his ears and his pulse racing, can feel his palms beginning to sweat, and he hopes Jungkook doesn't notice.

The air between them changes, electrifies, and then Taehyung finds himself leaning in as if his body has a mind of its own, his eyes still on Jungkook's lips. The hand in his own tightens a little, and then Jungkook is leaning in too, and Taehyung realizes with a dull start that they're about to *kiss*.

Taehyung's eyes flutter closed when he feels Jungkook's minty breath fanning across his mouth, and then there's a feather light touch of soft lips—

The door of the classroom rattles and a second later it bursts open to reveal the janitor holding a pair of keys and looking at them in concern. "You kids all right? I thought I heard yelling."

Taehyung and Jungkook jerk away from each other so quickly that the older loses his balance and begins falling back with a startled yelp, but Jungkook grabs him by the shoulders and catches him before Taehyung's head hits the classroom floor and pulls him back up until they're facing each other again. Jungkook's cheeks are just as red as Taehyung's are, and they quickly look away from each other. Jungkook, the sweetheart, still holds out his hand and helps Taehyung to his feet when he stands, and he remains holding the older's hand for just a little longer than necessary before letting go, and Taehyung can't help it when his heart drops.

Taehyung and Jungkook smile a little awkwardly at each other before they follow the janitor out of the classroom, and he swears his face is probably redder than a tomato.

Yoongi's POV

"I'm going to go crazy," Jimin moans as he paces Yoongi's room, tugging at his flame red hair and stomping his feet in irritation, and although he looks like a giant toddler throwing a tantrum, Yoongi doesn't think he's ever seen anything cuter.

"Why don't you let it rest now, Minnie? Taehyung said they almost kissed, isn't that good enough?"

"No!" Jimin spins around to face him, eyes wild, glasses askew, and cheeks flushed. "They have to for real, full on kiss for it to count! *Aishhh*, that stupid janitor, it sounded like they were so close and then he had to ruin it. *Ugh*, hyung, Why is this so hard?" Jimin looks so distressed that Yoongi's heart aches a little.

Yoongi makes a very unmanly cooing sound that nobody but Jimin will ever hear before holding out his arms wide in invitation. Jimin lets out a cute little whine and drags his feet across the floor to Yoongi's bed, climbs up and into his awaiting arms, and latches onto Yoongi like a koala, burying his face in the blonde's neck. Yoongi winds his arms around Jimin's back and hugs him close, warmth flooding his body at Jimin's closeness, his sweet scent filling Yoongi's senses and making him a little drunk.

“Do you want to try again?” Yoongi asks, his hand beginning to rub circles onto Jimin’s tense back, and he can feel the younger relaxing in his arms. Jimin nods into Yoongi’s neck, his nose rubbing against his skin and making Yoongi smile softly.

“I refuse to accept defeat.” Jimin mumbles into Yoongi, his voice muffled by the older’s neck, and Yoongi tries not to laugh at how grumpy Jimin sounds.

Jungkook has replayed that moment in his mind over and over again since the other day. He hadn’t realized how bad he wants to kiss Taehyung until the moment had been ruined, and now it’s the only thing he can think about. He wants to kiss the older boy so bad it hurts, but he just doesn’t know how to go about it.

Jungkook doesn’t really know how, but over the course of knowing Taehyung, he’d grown fonder and fonder of him until the thought of him is sometimes the only thing that gets Jungkook to roll out of bed in the morning. And he’s pretty damn sure Taehyung feels the same way, judging by the fact that he had been the first to lean into for the kiss, and that realization makes Jungkook giddy with excitement. Unfortunately, it seems Taehyung must’ve been scared off by the almost-kiss, because whenever he and Jungkook are in the same room together, he turns bright red and refuses to meet his eyes.

A confused Jungkook and an annoyed Taehyung had confronted Jimin and Yoongi after the incident, demanding to know why they had texted them to meet them in the classroom and never showed up.

“What do you mean?” Jimin had blinked at them innocently before gesturing to himself and Yoongi. “Hyung and I were the ones who found you locked in the classroom and called the janitor for help.” Little did Jungkook and Taehyung know that was so *not* what happened.

Then Jimin had narrowed his eyes at them mischievously and leaned

closer. “Why? Did something...happen?”

Taehyung had choked on his tongue, Jungkook’s cheeks turned so hot he could probably fry an egg on them, and Yoongi had smirked almost knowingly.

Now Jungkook can’t seem to get Taehyung alone before he mumbles some excuse and hightails it out of there, and Jungkook is beginning to grow frustrated.

It’s one day when Jungkook comes across Jimin and Yoongi at the younger’s locker when Jimin waves him over, looking relieved. “Oh, Kook, thank god you’re here,” Jimin says when he comes up to them.

“What wrong?” The black-haired boy asks, looking at the two of them curiously.

“I left my backpack in the supply closet by the music room, and I really need to for my next class, but Yoongi hyung and I have to go see Mr. Kim right now, and I won’t have enough time to go it. Could you do me a huuuuuuge favor and go get it for me?” Jimin asks cutely while pulling his best aegyo, and Jungkook frowns.

“What’s your backpack doing in the supply room?”

“Ah,” Jimin chuckles awkwardly and glances at Yoongi next to him, who is pointedly looking at his phone. “Hyung and I were in there earlier, if you know what I mean.”

A scandalized Jungkook’s eyes widen and he holds up his hand when Jimin opens his mouth to continue. “Okay, gross, did not need to know that.”

“You asked!”

Jungkook ignores him and hitches his backpack high up his shoulders. “And why should I?”

Jimin’s jaw tightens and his eyes narrow at Jungkook, who grins back at him. Jimin looks like he’s about to shoot back a sassy retort, but Yoongi taking Jimin’s small hand with the hand that isn’t holding his phone makes him pause. He seems to take a deep breath before pulling a sweet smile at Jungkook.

“If you help me out, I’ll buy you an extra chocolate chip cookie at lunch tomorrow.”

And Jungkook is off, not needing to be asked twice.

Chapter 5

“Freaking Park Jimin and his freaking secret make out sessions in freaking supply closets,” Taehyung mutters bitterly to himself as he walks down the mostly deserted hallway on his way to find Jimin’s stupid backpack. “He’s lucky I love him.”

Taehyung, in all his oblivious brooding, doesn’t notice two people, one with a head of blinding red hair and another with bleach blonde, following stealthily behind him.

Taehyung spots the supply closet up ahead and picks up his pace until he’s right outside. He turns the handle and slips inside the cramped closet, lit only by a single hanging lightbulb. The door clicks closed behind him at the same time as a startled, “Hyung?” makes him jump about a foot into the air.

Right in front of him, in the middle of scooting aside a stack of paper towels in search of something, is Jeon Jungkook starting at him with wide, confused eyes.

“Kookie? *Aishhh*, you scared the hell out of me!” Taehyung gasps loudly, clutching at his racing heart.

“What are you doing here?” Jungkook asks in surprise, setting a paper towel roll back up when it falls.

“Jiminie sent me to find his backpack,” Taehyung replies, and Jungkook gapes at him.

“I’m doing the same thing!”

“What?”

“Yeah, he said he’d buy me a cookie if I found it!”

“He said he’d buy *me* a cookie if *I* found it!”

It’s at that moment that the door locks behind them.

Taehyung flips around in alarm and Jungkook groans, “Not again.”

“What the *hell?!* ” Taehyung practically yells as he jiggles the metal handle in vain. “Why does this keep happening?” He bangs on the door a few times before groaning and pulling out his phone. “I’ll try

calling hyung.”

As he waits with the phone to his ear, Taehyung swears he hears a phone ring from outside the door before quickly cutting off, and his heart shoots into his throat. His own phone forgotten, he begins banging on the door with renewed vigor.

“Hello? Is anyone out there?” He calls as Jungkook comes up beside him and begins banging as well. “We’re locked in here! Help!”

There’s no response, though Taehyung is sure he hears the scuffle of shoes on the other side. “Damn it!” He knocks his forehead against the door before turning around and resting his back against it with a loud, drawn out sigh.

“What the hell?” Jungkook mumbles from next to him, and it’s at that moment that Taehyung realizes he’s trapped with Jeon Jungkook in a tiny locked closet. Alone. Oh fuck.

Suddenly Jungkook seems so close, like really, really close, and Taehyung can smell his scent, warm and inviting, and his heart picks up a wild pace in his chest. “U-uh,” Taehyung begins in an attempt to distract himself. “Do you know why Jimin wanted both of us to look for his backpack?”

At that, Jungkook scowls. “Maybe he didn’t think I could find it.”

“Did you find it?” Taehyung asks, looking around the cramped closet that’s filled with cleaning supplies, and Jungkook frowns.

“No, I looked everywhere. Either someone took it, or he left it somewhere else.”

“Aishhh, freaking Park Jimin,” Taehyung runs a hand tiredly over his face.

A loaded silence falls over them, and Taehyung really wishes he were somewhere else, anywhere else, and he’s certain Jungkook can hear his heart beating frantically in the small space. After a moment, he sees Jungkook look at him in his peripheral, and his heart jumps into his throat when the black-haired boy turns to face him fully.

“Hyung?”

“Hmmm?” Taehyung stares in intense interest at the mop in the corner, his stomach clenching in knots in anticipation of what he says

next.

“Don’t you think we should talk about this?” Jungkook asks softly, and Taehyung’s breath hitches.

“T-talk about what?”

Jungkook crosses his arms and purses his lips, and Taehyung winces when he says, “You know what.”

Taehyung knows that there’s no way out of this, so with a deep breath, he turns to Jungkook and clears his throat. “L-look, about that. I’m sorry, I was way over line, I shouldn’t have tried to do that. I was dumb and I totally understand if you don’t want to see me anymore, I —”

Taehyung is silenced by soft lips on his own.

His mind goes blank in shock for a minute, until it kicks into overdrive and he realizes with a jolt that *holy fucking shit Jeon Jungkook is kissing him*.

Before he really has a chance to process things, Jungkook is pulling away, and Taehyung is staring at him with wide eyes, his lips tingling and heart racing. Jungkook’s cheeks are the reddest Taehyung has ever seen them, and he looks so nervous that the older wants to just wrap him up in his arms and hug him tight.

“I like you, hyung,” Jungkook says so quietly Taehyung almost misses it. But he doesn’t, and he stares at Jungkook, not believing his ears.

“You-I...what?”

Jungkook bites his lip and ducks his head, beginning to look uncertain. “I-I understand if you don’t, you know, want—”

This time Taehyung cuts him off by surging forward, and seizing a burst of courage, he cups a startled Jungkook’s face in his hands and brings their lips together again. Jungkook freezes for half a second before relaxing into the kiss, and with a soft sigh, he wraps his arms around Taehyung’s waist and pulls him closer.

Jungkook’s lips are warm and full and so soft, and his touch sends tingles of electricity through Taehyung’s body. The younger’s scent floods Taehyung’s senses, seeps into his body, settling into his very

bones and making him lightheaded. He's surrounded by Jungkook and it's everything he's ever imagined.

Jungkook tilts his face and the angle changes, and they're just about to kiss deeper when the door bursts open.

"YES!" Jimin screeches, and Taehyung and Jungkook jump apart so fast Taehyung is sure he has whiplash. They spin around to see Jimin with a manic grin on his face and a semi-amused looking Yoongi standing in the doorway, staring at the two of them triumphantly.

"Hyung, what the *hell*?" Taehyung gasps in shock, clutching at his chest when his heart threatens to beat through it. Next to him, Jungkook's mouth is agape and his eyes are wider than an owl's.

"It took you fucking long enough, I swear to god I was about to just smash your lips together if this didn't work," Jimin crows loudly, the biggest shit eating grin Taehyung has ever seen on his face, and slowly the pieces start falling into place.

"Wait..." Taehyung begins with narrowed eyes, pointing at Jimin. "Ms. Gu's classroom. That was you, wasn't it?"

When Jimin only continues to smile widely, Taehyung's mouth drops open. "And...and right now? You locked us in here, didn't you?"

By now, it seems to have dawned on Jungkook too, because he is beginning to look horrified.

Jimin giggles gleefully and nods. "I can't believe you both bought that backpack story."

Oh no. No way. Jimin did *not*.

Taehyung takes a step forward, eyes narrowed at Jimin dangerously, and the redhead's eyes widen a bit nervously. "Park Jimin, you really have a death wish, don't you?" He growls, and Jimin takes a step back, looking alarmed and gulping nervously.

Then Yoongi steps in front of Jimin and pushes Taehyung back by his face, who grunts and goes stumbling back into the closet, where Jungkook catches him. "Quit being dramatic, Taehyung," Yoongi snaps at him in annoyance, and Jimin peeks out from around him, looking concerned. "You got what you wanted, didn't you?" He gestures vaguely to Jungkook, and they both blush bright red.

“But why?” Taehyung looks at Jimin, who at least has the decency to look a little guilty. When the redhead doesn’t reply and just chews his bottom lip pensively, Taehyung glares at him. “I said, *why?*”

“Because you wouldn’t leave us alone!” Jimin finally blurts out, and Taehyung cocks his head in confusion.

“What?”

“Yoongi hyung and I,” Jimin motions to the two of them wildly. “You wouldn’t leave us alone! Every time we had a moment to ourselves you appeared out of nowhere and ruined it, and I swear to god, I was this close to throttling you. I had to stop hyung from actually maiming you on multiple occasions! You basically broke into my house, for god’s sake!”

Taehyung blanches at him in shock, feeling hurt at Jimin words. Is that really how he feels? “Then...then why didn’t you just tell me?”

Jimin sighs and steps out from behind Yoongi, pushing his glasses back up when they begin slipping. “Because I didn’t want to hurt your feelings, Tae. I knew you would be hurt if I told you to leave us alone, so I thought it’d be better if you had a different reason,” Jimin explains, gesturing to Jungkook at that, who is so red he’s rivaling a tomato. “I thought if you had your own boyfriend you’d willingly leave Yoongi hyung and I alone.”

Taehyung doesn’t know what to say as he stares at Jimin. He can’t believe this, and yet at the same time, it’s some dumb shit Jimin would do, always taking the hard way out of things instead of simply talking to him. And yeah, he probably would’ve been hurt and offended, but so what? It’s still a shitty thing to do.

When Taehyung doesn’t reply for a while and only continues to watch Jimin with an unreadable expression, his best friend begins to look really worried. “Are you mad at me, Tae? I’m really sorry if I hurt your feelings, I didn’t mean to. I thought it would be better this way.”

Taehyung is trying to decide how to reply when he feels a hand slip into his own, and he looks over at Jungkook, who is smiling softly at him. A wave of warmth fills him as he looks back at the adorable bunny he’s grown to adore, and Taehyung realizes he might maybe, kind of, *just a little bit* be grateful to Jimin, in a weird way.

Taehyung squeezes Jungkook’s hand and looks back at Jimin, whose own hand has slipped into Yoongi’s pale one, as if in need of support

while he waits nervously.

“Fine,” Taehyung finally says, and Jimin’s shoulders droop in relief, a bright smile replacing his worried frown. “But,” the brunette holds his hand up. “You still have to buy us cookies.”

Jimin groans loudly and Yoongi smiles.

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

This is the end and hooooo hooo boi was this hard to write. All I wanted to do was write yoonmin even though it was supposed to be taekook, so here's the result I guess, I hope its not too awful lmao. Please leave feedback and let me know what you think! Thanks!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Yoongi's POV

Jimin lays next to Yoongi on his bed, smiling as he looks at Taehyung's and Jungkook's newest post; a selca of the two of them at some restaurant, cheeks pressed together, Taehyung with his box grin and Jungkook's bunny nose crinkling.

"Look how cute they are, hyung," Jimin coos, holding out his phone for Yoongi to see, who looks up from his own phone to glance at it in disinterest.

"Pretty cute," he says blandly, and Jimin slaps his arm before going back to the picture with a smile.

"Can you believe they've already been dating a month? Time sure flies. My babies are all grown up."

Yoongi watches him softly, his head turned on the pillow to take in Jimin's beautiful features; his sharp jawline, straight nose, soft cheeks, full lips. He rolls over on his side and throws an arm around Jimin, who 'oof's in surprise. Yoongi buries his face in Jimin's neck and sigh contentedly, his eyelashes tickling Jimin's skin as they flutter closed.

"Jiminie?" Yoongi mumbles into his neck.

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

They both know it. They've known it for months. They know how the other feels. They've just never said it out loud, not really feeling

the need to for words. But Yoongi does love Jimin, he loves him so much it hurts, and he wants to say the words out loud to him.

Jimin discards his phone and turns towards Yoongi, wrapping his arms around the older and burying his nose in his blonde hair.

“I love you too, hyung.”

Chapter End Notes

my yoonmin trash self literally made the epilogue about them
when will I stop

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!